Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke (poore ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweete youth and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remaine.

Theſ.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may
Aſſes do.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *This*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this roughcaſt, and this ſtone doth
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to wh

Theſ. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſ

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that eue
courſe, my Lord.

Theſ. Piramus drawes neere the wall, ſilenc

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue ſo
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtands betweene her Fathers ground and
Thou wall, ô wall, ô ſweete and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with m
Thanks courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well f
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing me.

Theſ. The wall me-thinks being ſenſible, ſh
gaine.

Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing*
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am t
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall